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AN

Authentick Relation

Of the many

Hardſhips and Sufferings

OF A

DUTCH SAILOR,

Who was put on Shore on the uninhabited Iſle of *Aſcenſion*, by Order of the Commadore of a Squadron of *Dutch* Ships.

WITH

A Remarkable ACCOUNT of his Converſe with APPARITIONS and EVIL SPIRITS, during his Reſidence on the Iſland.

AND

A particular DIARY of his TRANSACTIONS from the Fifth of *May* to the Fourteenth of *October*, on which Day he periſhed in a miſerable Condition.

Taken from the Original JOURNAL *found in his Tent by ſome Sailors, who landed from on Board the* Compton, *Captain* Morſon *Commander, in* January 172⅝.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE READER.

AS *the following Journal carries all poſſible Marks of Truth and Sincerity in it; ſo we have thought fit to publiſh it exactly as it was wrote, by the miſerable Wretch, who is the Subject of it, without adding any borrowed Deſcriptions of Places, Coaſts,* &c. *which is too frequently done in Pieces of this Nature, in order to increaſe their bulk.*

The deteſtable Crime for which the Dutch *Commadore thought fit to abandon and leave this Sailor on a deſert Iſland, is pretty plainly pointed out,* p. 15. *of the Journal. The Miſeries and Hardſhips he lingred under for more than five Months, were ſo unuſually terrible, that the bare Reading his Account of 'em muſt make the hardeſt Heart melt with*

Compaſſion. Tormented with exceſſive Thirſt; in want of almoſt every Thing neceſſary to defend him from the Inclemency of the Weather; left to the ſevere Upbraidings and Reflections of a guilty Conſcience; haraſs'd by the blaſphemous Converſations of evil Spirits, haunted by Apparitions, even tumbled up and down in his Tent by Demons; and at the ſame time not one Perſon upon the Iſland from whom to ſeek Conſolation or Advice: Theſe are ſuch Calamities, as no Mortal could ever long ſupport himſelf under. But at the ſame time the fatal Cataſtrophe of this Man recommends to us, the preſerving that Wall of Braſs (*as the Poet calls it*) *which will be a Comfort to us under all Misfortunes,* viz. *a Conſcience free from Guilt.*

——— Hic Murus Aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.

N. B. *The Original Manuſcript from whence this Journal was printed, may be ſeen at the Publiſher's.*

A COPY OF A JOURNAL, &c.

Saturday, May 5.

BY Order of the Commadore and Captains of the *Dutch* Fleet, I was ſet on Shore on the Iſland of *Aſcenſion*, which gave me a great deal of Diſſatisfaction, but I hope Almighty God will be my Protection. They put aſhore with me a Cask of Water, two Buckets, and an old Frying-Pan, *&c.* I made my Tent on the Beach near a Rock, wherein I put ſome of my Clothes,

May the 6th, I went upon the Hills to ſee if I could diſcover any Thing on the other ſide of the Iſland that was more commodious for my Living, and to ſee if there were any Thing green; but to my great Sorrow found nothing at all worth mentioning. I ſincerely wiſhed that ſome Accident wou'd befall me, to finiſh theſe my miſerable Days. In the Evening I walked to my Tent again, but cou'd not very well find the way. I walked very melancholly along the Strand, praying to God Almighty to put a Period to my Days or help me off of this deſolate Iſland. I went back again to my Tent, and ſecured it the beſt I could with Stones and a Tarpaulin from the Weather. About four or five a Clock, I kill'd three Birds call'd *Boobys*; I skin'd and ſalted them, and put them in the Sun to dry, being the firſt Thing I killed upon the Iſland. The ſame Night I caught two more, which I ſerved as before.

The 7th Ditto in the Morning I went to my Water-Cask, it being half a League from my Tent. I firſt put a Peg in, but loſt much Water by that; ſo got him upon his head, and took the head out with a great deal of trouble. I made a white Flag, which I put upon my Piece, having nothing elſe, and ſet it upon a Hill near the

the Sea. I had no Powder nor Shot, which render'd my Gun uſeleſs. That Night I put more Stones about my Tent.

The 8th Ditto in the Morning, I took down my Flag again, and ſet it upon a Hill on the other ſide of the Iſland. In the way I found a *Turtle*, and killed him with the Butt-end of my Musket; and ſo went back again to my Tent, and ſat me down very weary.

I truſt in God Almighty, that he will deliver me ſome time or other by ſome Ship that may touch here. This Night I moved my Tent on the other ſide of the Rock, being afraid that it wou'd fall on my Head, and by that means endanger my Life: I wou'd by no means be acceſſary to my own Death, ſtill hoping that God will preſerve me to ſee better Days. On the whole Iſland I can't find a better Place than where I now am, and that I muſt be contented in my Condition. I thank God I am now in good Health. In the Evening I killed ſome more *Boobys*, which I ſerved as the former, and in the Morning did the ſame.

The 9th Ditto in the Morning I went to look for the *Turtle* which I kill'd yeſterday: I carried my Hatchet, and cut him up on the Back, for he was ſo big

that I could not turn him. I cut off ſome of the Fleſh from the Fore-Finn, and brought it to my Tent, and put it in Salt, and dry'd it in the Sun. I began again to make a Bulwark of Stones round my Tent and ſecured it from the Weather with my Tarpaulin.

The 10th Ditto in the Morning, I took four or five Onions, a few Peas and Calavances, and went to the *South* ſide of the Iſland, to ſee if I cou'd find a proper Place to ſet them. I looked carefully on the Strand, to ſee if I cou'd diſcover the Tracts of any Beaſts, or Water, or any thing elſe that might be ſerviceable; but found nothing but a little Purſlain on the other ſide of the Iſland, which I eat for Refreſhment, being very dry, and cou'd find no Water, and but a little of it in my Sack; walking back, eat what I had before reſerved. When I was half way back, found ſome more Greens, but knew not whether they were good to eat.

The 11th Ditto in the Morning, went into the Country again, and found ſome Roots, the Skin ſomewhat reſembling Potatoes, but cou'd not think they were good to eat. I made a diligent ſearch for a greater Diſcovery, but found nothing elſe. I ſate me down very diſconſolate almoſt dead with Thirſt, and

after-

afterwards went to my Tent. On the other ſide of the Iſland there is a ſandy Bay by the biggeſt Hill. This Evening boil'd a little Rice, being the firſt time: I was ſomewhat out of order.

The 12th Ditto in the Morning, boiled a little more Rice, of which I eat ſome. After I had pray'd, I went again to the Country to ſee if I could diſcover any Ships, but to my great Sorrow ſaw none: ſo went back again to my Tent, and then walked along the Beach, and found nothing but ſome Shells of Fiſh. I kept conſtantly walking about the Iſland, that being all my Hopes; then went to my Tent, and read till I was weary, and afterwards mended my Clothes. This Afternoon put the Onions, Peas and Calavances in the Ground juſt by my Tent, to ſee if they wou'd produce any more; for as it was, I cou'd not afford Water to boil them.

The 13th Ditto in the Morning, went to ſee if I could find any Sea-Fowls Eggs, but found none. At my walking back, I found a ſmall *Turtle* juſt by my Tent: I took ſome of its Eggs and Fleſh, and boiled with my Rice for my Dinner, and buried the reſt in the Sand, that it might not infect me; its Eggs I buried in the Sand likewiſe. Afterwards I found ſome Neſts of Fowls

Eggs,

Eggs, of which I boiled in the Evening, and 'twas very good Diet. I melted ſome of the *Turtles* Fat to make Oil, and in the Night burnt of it, having nothing for a Lamp but a Saucer.

The 14th Ditto in the Morning, after I had pray'd, I took my uſual walk, but found nothing new; ſo I return'd again to my Tent, and ſat down and mended my Banyan-Coat, and writ my Journal.

The 15th Ditto, before I took my walk, I eat ſome boiled Rice, and afterwards proceeded: but got nothing but my uſual Game, *viz. Boobys.* I read till I was weary, and then betook my ſelf to my Repoſe.

The 16th Ditto, I looked out, as the Day paſt; only caught no *Boobys.*

The 17th Ditto, I was very much dejected that I had found no Suſtenance, and a *Booby* that I kept alive ſeven or eight Days now died.

The 18th Ditto, after my uſual cuſtom of Praying, I caught two *Boobys.*

The 19th Ditto, nothing worthy of Note. The 20th Ditto, caught one *Booby.* The 21ſt Ditto, nothing at all.

The 22d Ditto, after Breakfaſt went to the other ſide of the Iſland, to ſee if I cou'd diſcover any thing; but went back as I came. At four in the After-

noon

noon took my Line and fiſh'd on the Rock for three or four Hours, but to no purpoſe. I then took a melancholly Walk to my Flag; but much to my Concern could deſcry nothing. At my return to my Tent, much to my ſurprize, I found it all of a ſmoak. After a ſerious Conſideration, I thought that I had left my Tinder-Box a-fire on my Quilt; but the ſmoak ſmother'd me ſo much, that I cou'd not enter before I had brought a Bucket of Water and ſquench'd it. I return God Almighty my hearty Thanks that all my Things were not burnt: I have loſt nothing by it but a Banyan Shirt, a Corner of my Quilt, and my Bible ſinged. I intreat God Almighty to give me the patience of holy *Job* to bear with my Sufferings.

The 23d Ditto, all this Day was remaking what was burnt yeſterday.

The 24th Ditto, I walked to my Flag, and returned again, with catching but one *Booby:* afterwards mended my Clothes, and broil'd a *Booby* on the Embers.

The 25th Ditto, after my Breakfaſt went to my uſual Employment and catch'd ſeveral Sea-Fowls ſetting on their Eggs. Then return'd home with my Spoil, and dryed them. After my Dinner went upon a ſearch for more Fowls,

of which I caught many, and did not forget to look out for Ships; but return'd without any Diſcovery. Boil'd ſome of my Eggs, and was diſappointed by finding young ones in many of them.

May the 26th, I look'd out as before, but no Fowls. The 27th, nothing worthy of Note.

The 28th, I went to the *Weſt* ſide of the Iſland along the Strand, and mounted the Precipice of a high Hill, which was ſo ſteep, that I have Reaſon to thank my God that I did not break my Neck down.

The 29th, Nothing remarkable. The 30th, As before. The 31ſt, was forced to feed on the Proviſion which I had before ſalted.

From the 1ſt of *June* to the 4th Ditto, it would be needleſs to write how often my Eyes are caſt on the Sea to look for Shipping, and every little Atom in the Sky I take for a Sail; then look till my Eyes dazzle, and immediately the Object diſappears. When I was put on Shore, the Captain told me it was the time of Year for Shipping to paſs this way; which makes me look out the more diligently.

June the 5th, 6th and 7th, I never neglected taking my uſual Walks; but to no Purpoſe.

The

The 8th, My Water was ſo much reduced, that I had but two Quarts left, and that ſo thick as obliged me to ſtrain it through a Handkerchief. I then too late began to dig, and after I had dug ſeven Foot deep, found no moiſture: the Place where I began, was in the middle of the Iſland. I then came back again to my Tent, and began a new Well juſt by my Tent, but to no purpoſe, having digg'd a Fathom deep. It is impoſſible to expreſs my Concern, firſt in not ſeeing any Ships to convey me off the Iſland, and then in finding no Suſtenance on it.

The 9th, Found nothing; paſt away the Day in Meditations on a future State.

The 10th, With the very laſt of my Water boil'd ſome Rice; having but very little Hopes of any thing but periſhing, I commended my Soul to Almighty God entreating him that he will have mercy on it, but not caring to give over all Hopes while I cou'd yet walk, I went to the other ſide of the Iſland to ſee for ſome Water: having heard talk that there was a Well of Water on it, I walked up and down the Hills, thinking not to leave any place ſecret from me. After four Hours tedious walking, began to grow very

thirſty, and the Heat of the Sun withal made my Life a greater Burthen than I was well able to bear; but was reſolved to proceed as long as I cou'd ſtand. Walking among the Rocks, God of his great Bounty led me to a Place where ſome Water run out of a hollow place in the Rock: it's impoſſible to expreſs my great Joy and Satisfaction in finding of it, and thought I ſhould have drank till I burſt. I ſate me down for ſome time by it, then drank again and walked home to my Tent, having no Veſſel to carry any along with me.

The 11th Ditto, In the Morning, after I had return'd God Almighty my hearty Thanks, I took my Tea Kettle with ſome Rice in it and ſome Wood along with me to the place where the Water was, and there boil'd and eat it.

The 12th Ditto, I boil'd ſome Rice to break my Faſt, and afterwards with much trouble carried two Buckets of Water to my Tent. I often think I am poſſeſs'd with Things that I really want; but when I come to ſearch, find it only a Shadow. My Shoes being worn out, the Rocks cut my Feet to pieces; and I am often afraid of tumbling, and by that means endanger the breaking my Buckets, which I can't be without.

The 13th, I went to look out for Wood, but found none but a little Weeds ſomewhat like *Birch*; brought it to my Tent, and boil'd ſome Rice with it for my Dinner. Afterwards went and look'd out for Shipping, but to no purpoſe: it makes me very melancholly to think that I have no Hopes of getting off of this unhappy Iſland.

The 14th Ditto, Took my Tea Kettle with ſome Rice, and went into the Country where the Water was. Afterwards returned again to my Tent, and mended my Clothes, and paſt away the reſt of the Day in reading.

The 15th Ditto, all the Day employ'd in getting of Sea-Fowls Eggs and *Birch*.

The 16th Ditto, to no purpoſe looked out for Ships; and in the Night was ſurpriz'd by a Noiſe round my Tent of Curſing and Swearing, and the moſt blaſphemous Converſations that I ever heard. My Concern was ſo great, that I thought I ſhould have died with the Fright. I did nothing but offer up my Prayers to the Almighty to protect me in this miſerable Circumſtance: but my Fright render'd me in a very bad Condition of Praying, I trembling to that degree, that I could not compoſe my Thoughts; and any body wou'd have believed that the Devil had moved his

Quarters, and was coming to keep Hell on *Aſcenſion*. I was certain that there was no human Creature on the Iſland but my ſelf, having not ſeen the Foot-ſteps of any Man but my own; and ſo much libidinous Talk was impoſſible to be expreſs'd by any body but Devils: And to my greater Surprize was certain that I was very well acquainted with one of the Voices, it bearing an affinity of an intimate Acquaintance of mine; and I really thought that I was ſometimes touched by an inviſible Spirit. I made my application to the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt for forgiveneſs of my Sins, and that they would protect me from theſe evil Spirits. It was three a Clock in the Morning before they ceaſed tormenting me, and then being very weary, I fell to ſleep. In the Morning I awoke about ſeven a-clock and return'd God Almighty my hearty and ſincere Thanks for his laſt Night's Protection of me, but ſtill heard ſome Shrieks near my Tent, but cou'd ſee nothing. I took my Prayer-Book, and read the Prayers proper for a Man in my Condition, and at the ſame time heard a Voice, crying, *Bouger*. I can't afford Paper enough to ſet down every particular of this unhappy Day.

The 17th Ditto, I fetch'd home two Buckets of Water and dreaded Night's coming on, and interceeded with God Almighty that I might not be troubled again with thoſe evil Spirits; and I hope God Almighty heard my Prayers, for I was not perplex'd with them this Night. Before I came upon this miſerable Iſland, I was of the *Proteſtant* Religion, and uſed to laugh at the *Romans* when they talked to me of Apparitions: but to my great Sorrow now find ſmarting Reaſons to the contrary, and ſhall henceforth embrace their Opinions. This Day an Apparition appear'd to me in the ſimilitude of a Man, whom I perfectly knew; he converſed with me like a Human Creature, and touched me ſo ſenſibly of the Sins of my paſt Life (of which I have a ſincere and hearty Repentance) and was ſuch a terrible Shock to me, that I wiſh'd it would kill me.

The 18th Ditto, After my Devotions went to look out, and carried my Hatchet with me. On the Strand, the other ſide of the Iſland, I found a Tree, which I believe Providence had caſt aſhore for me. I cut it in two Pieces, the whole being too big for me to carry. I put one half on my Shoulders, and when I was half way home, ſet it down and reſted my ſelf on it. During which time,

time, the Apparition appear'd to me again: his Name I am afraid to utter, fearing the Event. He haunts me ſo often, that I begin to grow accuſtomed to him. After I had reſted my ſelf, I carried it home and then went back and fetch'd the other half.

The 19th Ditto, In the Morning went to my Colours to ſee if I could diſcover any Ships. Laſt Night nor this Day I have not ſeen any thing, and I truſt in God I ſhall be no more troubled with them.

The 20th *June*, This Night, contrary to my expectation, was ſo prodigiouſly perplex'd with Spirits, and tumbled up and down in my Tent to that degree, that in the Morning my Fleſh was like a Mummy; and the Perſon that I was formerly acquainted with, ſpoke to me ſeveral times this Night: but I can't think he wou'd do me any harm, for when he was in this World we were as great as two own Brothers. He was a Soldier at *Batavia*. It is impoſſible for a Man to ſurvive ſo many Misfortunes, I not being able to keep a Light; but the Saucer that contains it, is jumbled about and broke: and, if God of his Infinite Goodneſs does not help me, I muſt inevitably periſh. I hope this my Puniſhment in this World

may

may ſuffice for my moſt heinous Crime of making uſe of my Fellow-Creature to ſatisfy my Luſt, whom the Almighty Creator had ordain'd another Sex for. I only deſire to live to make an atonement for my Sins, which I believe my Comrade is damned for. I ſpent all the Day in Meditations and Prayers, and eat nothing. My Strength decays, and my Life is become a great Burthen to me.

The 21ſt Ditto, in the Morning, I lifted up my Hands to Heaven, and offer'd up my Prayers, and then went to my Flag; and in the way looked for Proviſions to aſſuage my raging Hunger, but found none, ſo was forced to be ſatisfied with ſalted Fowls.

June the 22d, My Water being expended, took my Bucket and went for more: but the way was ſo troubleſome, and the Rocks ſo ſharp to my bare Feet, that it took me beſt part of the Day to bring it home. And in the Afternoon I went to the proper Place for Fowls Eggs, of which I found ſome: they were ſpeckled like ſome of our *Holland*'s Birds Eggs.

The 23d Ditto, Looked out for Ships, and paſs'd away the reſt of the Day in Prayers.

The 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th, I never neglected looking out for Ships,

and Victuals; then read and pray'd, and humbled my ſelf before God, and deſired that he would have mercy on me and deliver me off of this miſerable Iſland; and afterwards came and took my Bedding and ſome other Neceſſaries, and went to the middle of the Iſland, where I fix'd a new Habitation in a concave place of a Rock, it being much nearer the Water than the other place. The other Day got two Days Water out of this ſame place, but now there is not a Drop here. I fetched a few Eggs and boil'd them in my Tea-Kettle; then went to the *South* ſide of the Iſland, where there is a large Hill of Sand, and a Hill of Rocks where I found ſome more Purſlain and ſome Eggs, which I gather'd up and put in my Sack. I fryed both together, and eat them with a good Appetite. Upon the Strand I found a Bruſh, and returned, feāring I ſhould be benighted, and ſo not be able to find my new Abode in the Rocks. Before I got there, I was almoſt famiſh'd with Thirſt, and my Skin bliſter'd with the violent Heat of the Sun.

The 29th *June*, I went upon the Hills, and to no purpoſe looked out for Ships: and afterwards walking on the Strand, I diſcover'd a piece of Wood ſticking in the Strand, which I at firſt took for a Tree,

Tree, but when I came to it I found it was a Croſs. I embraced it in my Arms, and prayed to God Almighty to deliver me: I believe there was a Man buried there from ſome Ship. I return'd with much trouble to my Cave in the Rock, and coming down a Hill, my Feet were ſo ſore with the Rocks, that I thought I ſhou'd have broke my Neck. When I got home I repoſed my ſelf a little, and then walked out again, and found a piece of broken Glaſs Bottle. Afterwards found a deep Pit in the Sand, which I deſcended into, thinking there might be Water in it. I raked the Sand about a Foot deeper than it was before, and found ſome brackiſh Water, ſo that my Trouble was all in vain. Afterwards as I was rambling up and down I found ſome ſcatter'd Wood, which I made up in a Bundle, and bringing it home to my Cave heard a Noiſe as if there had been Copper-Smiths at Work. Afterwards I went again to the Strand, where I got ſome Greens and Eggs, which I eat with Bread, and drank the Water I had left in my Cave.

June the 30th, Here has been ſo much dry Weather, to my Sorrow, that both at the Cave and the other place, where there uſed to be Water enough, there is now not one Drop, and I am as much

in want of it, as I have been ſince my coming to this miſerable Iſland.

July the 1ſt, The Water was dried up in every Place where I uſed before to get it, ſo that I was near dead with Thirſt.

The 2d Ditto, I offer'd up my Prayers to God to deliver me, and that he would preſerve me, as he had aforetime done *Moſes* and the Children of *Iſrael*, by cauſing Water to flow out of a Rock. But that none of my own Endeavours might be wanting, I went to make a diligent Search, and in the way ſaw a matter of fifty Goats upon a Hill, and afterwards about twenty or thirty more. I purſu'd them with the utmoſt of my Ability, but they were far too ſwift for me, and I looked carefully where they were for Water, believing that there might be ſome there; and I found a deep Pit, being five or ſix Fathom to the Bottom, which I deſcended, but it was quite dry. I ſuppoſe in the Rains there is Water here, by the Goats coming to it now.

The 3d Ditto, I pray'd earneſtly, and afterwards went to look for Water. It's a great Wonder to me how the Goats do to live in the dry Seaſons, ſeeing that Water is ſo ſcarce now. I ſhould have been famiſhed before this time, had it not

not been for a reſerve of about a Gallon of Water which I had before put up, thinking not to expend it till the laſt Neceſſity; but now was forced to drink of it to aſſuage my extreme Thirſt. I afterwards went to the Strand, but diſcover'd nothing of ſervice to me. Then walked to the Country a different way from any I had been yet; and upon a Hill ſaw, I am ſure, at leaſt three or four hundred Goats great and ſmall, which I run after, but they were too nimble for me. It's ſurpriſing to me, ſeeing that there are ſo many Goats upon the Iſland, that I ſhou'd diſcover none before: but I believe they ſculk in the Rocks, and when the Water is dry'd up, they come abroad for more. I found two Gallons of Water in a place of a Rock.

July the 4th, I moved my Things from the Cave, and went to another part of the Iſland to ſettle my Abode, being ſure that there was no Water on this ſide of the Iſland. I prayed to God, and then ſearched for Water, but to no purpoſe.

The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, I delayed no time to look for Water, unleſs when I prayed.

The 9th Ditto, As I walked upon the Strand, I heard again a very diſmal

Noiſe of Curſing and Swearing in my own Language. During the time of this Noiſe, I never in all my Life ſaw ſo many Fowls together, they looking like a Cloud, and intercepting between me and the Sky deprived me of ſome of its Light.

The 10th, I went upon a very ſteep Hill to look for Shipping, but ſee none. Upon the Hill, I found a piece of Wood which I brought down along with me to prop up my new Habitation; and coming down again, found another piece, which I brought down likewiſe.

The 11th Ditto, I carried all the Wood from my Tent into the Country, and likewiſe ſome of my Clothes.

The 12th Ditto, Nothing Remarkable. The 13, 14, 15th, Look'd for Water, but found none. The 16th Ditto, Found ſome Fowls Eggs, which I brought home and eat; us'd my Water very ſparingly. The 17th, Nothing. The 18th, As before. The 19th, Nothing Remarkable. The 20th, Nothing worthy of Note. The 21ſt, Having no Hopes of any thing but periſhing, I committed my Soul to God, praying that he will have mercy on it. Have now very little Hopes of Shipping: I boil'd ſome Rice and Eggs.

The 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31ſt of *July*, My Heart is ſo full, that my Pen can't utter it. I now and then find a little Water which the Goats have left me: I always ſcoop it up to the laſt Drop, and uſe it very ſparingly.

The 1ſt, 2d and 3d of *Auguſt*, Walked out with my Bucket in my Hand, and found a very little Water, which I brought home.

The 4th Ditto, I found ſome Water in a hollow place of a Rock, and rowl'd my Cask there, and ſcoop'd it all out as clean as I could: this rejoiced me very much. I then walked along the Strand, and found a piece of a broken Oar. Afterwards found three or four ſhort thick pieces of Wood like Billets, and a little farther ſaw ſomewhat like a Houſe, and having before heard that the *Portugueſe* formerly inhabited this Iſland, made me go to it, to ſee what it was; but found it only a white hollow Rock, and in the Concavity there were ſome Nails and broken Glaſs Bottles. This was of very little uſe to me, ſo took up my Bundle of Wood and marched home.

The 5th Ditto, Nothing Remarkable.

The 6th Ditto, went to my Tent on the Beach, and ſaw three or four of the

Peas

Peas and Calivances which I before ſet in the Ground were come up: which was at firſt a great Satisfaction to me, but when I look'd nearer, found that the Vermin had eat all the reſt, which ſoon pall'd my former Joy. I return God Almighty my hearty Thanks that he has thus long preſerved me.

The 7th Ditto, Theſe three Months there has not been above half an Hour's Rain upon the Iſland, and I can't find a Drop of Water more upon the whole Iſland than what is now in my Cask: and if God Almighty of his great Goodneſs does not ſend Rain to repleniſh my ſmall Stock, I muſt inevitably periſh.

The 8th, 9th and 10th Ditto, ſearched carefully, but found no Water. Have employ'd my ſelf in praying and interceding with God to have mercy on my Soul.

The 11th Ditto, Went to my Tent on the Strand, and again heard ſuch a terrible Noiſe as tho' there had been a hundred Copper-Smiths at Work. I was reſolved to go upon the Hill to ſee if I could diſcover any Thing; and ſaw a Cloud of Birds, which I believe made the Noiſe that juſt now ſurpriz'd me. It was a great Satisfaction to me, only to think I was ſo deceived.

The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, Went about every part of the Iſland to look for Water; but to my great Concern found none; and I gauged my Cask that I had, and found there was not above ſix Gallons remaining, which made me boil nothing, and drink very ſparingly.

The 18th and 19th Ditto, Could find no Water, and was out late on my Search, ſo that the Sun ſet when I was on the contrary ſide of the Iſland from my Cave, and could not find my way home; ſo was forced to ſleep between two Rocks, and there was ſuch a quantity of Rats there, that I thought they would have eat me: I wiſh'd twenty times that I was on the Sand on the Beach.

The 20th Ditto, Not a Drop of Water to be found. I pray'd to God that he wou'd ſend Rain, and I took my Spade and dug a Well two Fathom deep, but to no purpoſe. I then looked up to the Heavens all round me, to ſee if I could ſee the Sky overcaſt, that might give me ſome Hopes of Rain; but all, to my Sorrow, was very clear.

The 21ſt Ditto, Went rambling about the Iſland with my Scoop with me to look for Water, but could not find the leaſt Drop, and my Water almoſt gone at home; and was ſo prodigious dry,

that I was forced to make water in my Scoop and drink it, thinking it was better than Salt Water, being ſo extreme thirſty, that my Lips were glew'd together.

The 22d, After my Prayers went again to look for Water, and on the Strand I found a *Turtle* which I kill'd and drank near a Gallon of his Blood. I took ſome of its Eggs and Fat, and fry'd them. Its Blood and my own Water did not contribute much to abating of my Thirſt: for all I had drank near a Gallon of the *Turtle's* Blood, was forced again to drink my own Water.

The 23d, No Hopes of finding any Water, and I took ſome of the Blood of the *Turtle* which I kill'd yeſterday after it had ſettled all Night, and my own Water together, and boil'd with ſome Tea in it. It was ſomewhat better than raw Blood. At four in the Afternoon all the freſh Water that I had left in the World I put in my Tea-Kettle, to bring it down to my Tent: ſhall be forced to live there now, to be near the *Turtles*, having nothing elſe to ſubſiſt on. But was taken ſo violently with the Flux, drinking the *Turtle's* Blood, that I could not walk three Steps. I can't ſay but I was glad of it, hoping that it will put an end to my Miſery and Days at once.

With

With a great deal of Trouble I got to my Tent by dark.

The 24th, I was ſtill much troubled with the Flux, but was forced to bottle ſome Tea of the former Ingredients.

The 25th, I was ſo dry and ſick together, that I drank my very laſt Water, being but a Pint. Afterwards I went to look for Fowls Eggs, to ſee if they would quench my extreme Thirſt.

The 26th and 27th, I thought of little elſe but Death, and prayed earneſtly for an admittance to Heaven. The Fowls Eggs had no Effect, ſo was forced again to boil Tea of my Urine and ſettled Blood, there being plenty of *Turtles* on the Iſland.

The 28th, At three in the Morning went out to catch a *Turtle*, and found one, which I kill'd with my Hatchet, and fill'd a Bucket with his Blood: he had likewiſe a great deal of Water in his Bladder, which I drank all out, and was much better than his Blood; but it ſoon roſe in my Stomach, and I caſt it up again. I cut off ſome of its Fleſh, and carried it to my Tent. Afterwards being very dry, I boil'd ſome Tea; but my Stomach being weak, it required ſomewhat more Nouriſhing; and this was very bitter, and I ſoon brought it up again. I boil'd ſome more, and let it ſtand.

The 29th, I could not ſleep all Night, being ſo dry, and my Head grows dizzy, that I thought I ſhould have run mad. I went again and ſearched in all the Pits, but found them dry; the deepeſt of them, I dug ſeven Foot deeper, but at laſt found no moiſture.

The 30th, I pray'd very earneſtly moſt part of the Day, and then laid down in my Tent, and wiſh'd that it would rain, or that I ſhould die before I roſe. In the Afternoon got out of my Tent, but was ſo weak that I could not walk. I was forced to take ſome of the Eggs of the *Turtle* that I kill'd two days paſt, not finding one now, and eat of them. The Fleſh ſtunk, but the Eggs did not: my Head was ſwell'd, and ſo dizzy, that I knew not what I did. But I was in ſuch agony with Thirſt, that it's impoſſible for any body to expreſs it. I could not ſee any *Turtles*, ſo caught five *Boobys*, and drank the Blood of them.

Auguſt the 31*ſt*, I was walking, or, more properly ſpeaking, crawling on the Sand, for I could not walk three Steps together. I ſaw a living *Turtle*. I was not able to carry my Bucket, but cut off his Head with my Razor, and lay all along and ſucked his Blood as it run out; and afterwards got my Hand into him, and got out the Bladder, which I car-

carry'd home with me, and put the Water out into my Kettle. Afterwards I took my Hatchet, and went to cut him up, to get its Eggs; and in cutting the Shell broke the Helve of it. This was ſtill an Addition to my Misfortunes, but I got out ſome of its Eggs, and carried them home, and fry'd them, and afterwards drank ſome boil'd Piſs mixed with Tea; which, tho it was ſo very nauſeous, revived me much. I made a Virtue of Neceſſity, and in my deplorable Condition thought it good.

September the 1ſt, I kill'd another *Turtle*, but never was any poor Creature ſo mangled, having broke my Hatchet, and raking among his Entrails, broke the Gall; which made the Blood ſo bitter, that after I had boil'd it, I could hardly drink it, but was forced to get it down. I thought of nothing but the other World, and ſoon brought up again what I had before drank; and was ſo extreme dry, that I drank a quart of Salt Water, but could not contain it. I was ſo very ill after it, that I expected immediate death, and prepared my ſelf in the beſt manner I could for it; and I hope the Lord will have mercy on my Soul. After it was dark, I ſaw a *Turtle* crawling towards my Tent, which I kill'd, and drank about two Quarts of his Blood; all the reſt that

I could catch, I reſerved, and then endeavour'd to go to Sleep.

The 3d, All the Day was employed in fixing a Helve to my Hatchet. I was ſomewhat better than yeſterday, and lived upon the *Turtle* that I kill'd laſt Night.

The 4th Ditto, Drank the laſt of the Blood, which was well ſettled, and a little ſour. The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, I lived upon *Turtles* Blood and Eggs; but my Strength decays ſo, that it will be impoſſible I ſhould live long. I reſign my ſelf wholly to Providence, being hardly able to kill a *Turtle*. The 9th, 10th and 11th, I am ſo much decay'd, that I am a perfect Skeleton, and can't write the Particulars, my Hand ſhakes ſo. The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, Lived as before. I'm in a declining Condition. The 18th, 19th, 20th, 21ſt, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th. *October the* 1ſt, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, All as before.

The 7th Ditto, My Wood's all gone, ſo that I am forced to eat raw Fleſh and ſalted Fowls. I can't live long, and I hope the Lord will have mercy on my Soul. The 8th, Drank my own Urine, and eat raw Fleſh.

The 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of *October*, All as before.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM